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THE STORY RETOLD.

The testimony of the Roosevelt Hospital surgeons in the "John Doe" proceedings before Justice Mayer yesterday repeated the story of the murder of James McAuliffe as it was told at the Coroner's inquest.

Dr. James J. Russell, who examined McAuliffe when he was taken to the hospital on Saturday night, found him suffering from acute alcoholism and with no marks of violence on him. He did not recognize him as the same man when he was brought in the next day dying from his wounds. Dr. Brown, the house physician at the hospital, and Dr. O'Hanlon, the Coroner's physician, declared that it was impossible that these wounds could have come from a fall or from a collision with a trolley car.

On District-Attorney Jerome this testimony will have no more influence than words spoken to a deaf man or a picture held up before the blind. Fortunately the singular impairment of his faculties which affects the District-Attorney in this case does not extend to the Justice before whom it is tried.

A Question of Supremacy.—Before singing "Columbia Rules the Waves" it would be well to ascertain whether Columbia rules J. P. Morgan or whether Morgan rules Columbia.

THE WISE USES OF WEALTH.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has announced his intention of making Pittsburgh a further co-sharer in his wealth by giving the Western University of Pennsylvania an endowment rivaling the great Leland Stanford, Jr. endowment in California.

This is good news not only for the city of Pittsburgh, but for the cause of education and philanthropy all over the country. The Carnegie example is stimulating. It will probably put Mr. Rockefeller on his mettle to see that his Chicago University keeps up with the procession.

The Carnegie money was made in Pittsburgh, and his recognition of this source of his fortune is in every way creditable to him. It should be commended for imitation to the holders of the vast fortunes of New York.

Another Turn of the Screw.—The least that is to be expected as the result of the reported hot wave in the West is another advance in the price of meat all over the country. It is a cold day when the Beef Trust cannot find a good reason for another turn of the screw.

WHEN SCHWAB GOES AUTOMOBILING.

The versatile millionaire who conducts the affairs of the Steel Trust has been amusing himself by adding a new record to American long-distance automobiling. In his speedy "Red Dragon" he made the ninety-mile trip from Jersey City to Philadelphia within two hours and forty minutes on Saturday. Then, after a refreshing luncheon at the Bellevue, he turned the trusty flyer nose toward Atlantic City, and reached that haven by the sounding sea, his home, in time never before equalled by any other vehicle but a locomotive. He covered the sixty miles of smooth turnpike in 108 minutes.

The trip was a great success, except that nobody was killed. The journey was one uninterrupted and exhilarating burst of speed. "Past hamlets and farmhouses, through towns and over intervening meadows the Red Dragon flew" until it went bounding into the sea city. It frightened clucking hens into hysteria, drove barking dogs "back to the barnyard," set rural fags akimbo with wonder and scattered confusion in its wake.

And all this at the legal speed of fifteen miles an hour on a main-travelled road populous with traffic. It shows what an accomplished millionaire chauffeur can do in fast going even in adverse circumstances.

Locking the Stable Door.—The changes made by Capt. Schmittberger in the West Forty-seventh street station are commendable, but they come too late to be of service in solving the McAuliffe mystery.

THE CRIMES OF CAPT. FOODY.

While justice limps leaden-footed in other cases the prosecution of Capt. Foody revealed in the initial proceedings the existence of one of the most desperate criminals on record.

A malefactor who can succeed in violating the law 750 times in four Sundays without making any special exertion is unique. Yet this is what Capt. Foody has done. He has broken the record and put Capt. Kidd in the back row.

It is probable that this is only a part of his offending. There are in his precinct 296 saloons, and every time that one of them opens its hospitable side door on Sunday the law is broken and Capt. Foody is guilty. At a moderate allowance of only ten customers to a saloon, Capt. Foody has probably been guilty of 2,960 offenses each Sunday since he took charge of the precinct.

How to "make the punishment fit the crime" is a delicate question, especially as Foody's criminal record had the support of his official superiors, the Mayor and the Police Commissioner.

The Millionaire at Hand.—If it is really true that four of the railroads leading out of Chicago have issued an order against baggage smashing, the millionaire is not as far off as was generally supposed. No announcement is made of its coming appearance in New York.

SOCIETY IN THE BOWERY.

A warm bunch of swells from Fifth Avenue, the real Van Bibber push, invaded the Bowery last evening in search of a new sensation and left a trail of glory behind them which will long endure. Their visit was an event that made almost as much of an impression on their unprepared hosts as Billy McGlory's little jaunt to the Brunswick with a select coterie of east-side revellers some years ago. Perhaps it was a return call long deferred.

Society made this spectacular visit to see an Italian tragedian in a particularly thrilling Italian tragedy. The party filled the Windsor's best seats and remained on view for three hours as a rival attraction on the other side of the footlights. The men were immaculate in black and white and the ladies gorgeous in evening gowns of Parisian perfection; the gleam of their diamonds dimmed the lustre of local stones not without fame of their own as sparklers.

The educational value to the east side of such a visit is inestimable. It supplements the work of college settlements by giving a glimpse, rare but precious, of the real thing, the inner circle of high society. It was a great treat to the Bowery.

A Hot Time.—The dependence of the country on the farmer was strikingly illustrated yesterday when the reports of a hot wave in the West immediately caused a hot time on 'Change. The prosperity of Wall street is based on the joint exertions of the farmer and the lamb.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

CIRCUUS VS. WILD WEST.

The small boy in our yard last week
Was jumping through a hoop
And wrecking lamp and clothes and bike
To keep the fathead goop.
But now, with knife and larriat
Our peace he doth disparage;
In making deadwood coach attacks
Upon the baby carriage.

TOO EASY.

"Papa, what does playing on velvet mean?"
"It takes on a new meaning, Johnny,
since Jerome's sleuths are collecting
gambling evidence."

AFTER THE GAME.

"Your face is tanned."
"That's queer. I spent the whole afternoon on the bleachers."

THE SORT OF BOOK.

"The correspondence between Fitz and Jeff over this fight of theirs would fill a book."
"Yes; a scrap book."

SHAKESPEARE ANSWERED.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
The undertaker, usually."

BORROWED JOKES.

HOW HE WAS CURED.

Friend—You say the old miser never goes to sleep in church any more? How did you arrange it?
Deacon—I told him that once while asleep he dropped a quarter on the plate. You couldn't get him to go to sleep now for the world.—Chicago News.

VALUE OF FRIENDS.

Jinks—I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends.
Winks—I presume not.
Jinks—No, sirree. As quick as I lose a job my friends go all round hunting a new place for me so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them.—Pearsons Weekly.

A PROFESSIONAL FAILING.

"No use talking," said the dentist.
"I'll never undertake to fill another Chicago drummer's teeth."
"Why, what's the matter?"
"Matter? I couldn't touch the enamel of a molar without striking nerve."
Baltimore News.

SOMEBOBIES.

BALFOUR, ARTHUR.—and Lord Salisbury both disapprove of the use of the typewriter.

BIENVENU, M.—Chief Engineer of the Paris Underground Railway, is coming here to study our underground roads and our system of handling passengers.

HAWLEY, R. D.—who has just died at Hartford, owned the finest collection of violins in existence. The collection has been sold for \$50,000.

HEYMAN, DR.—physician to ex-President Kruger, denies emphatically that Gomp Paul is in ill health.

MCDOUGALL, WILLIAM.—of Rockland, Me., has obtained from a Nova Scotia fisherman a genuine Stradivarius violin, dated 1721.

SMITH, JAMES.—ex-Senator from New Jersey, has sailed for Germany.

SHAW, SECRETARY.—has taken up horseback riding as a means of exercise.

WALDEMAR, PRINCE.—eldest son of Prince Henry of Prussia, is at a sanatorium, where he wears porous clothing, sleeps on a horsehair mattress, in a room whose temperature is that of the outer air, and lives on fruit, milk and salad.

WANTAGE, LADY.—has consented to leave the ruins of Fotheringhay castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was executed, open to the public.

WILSON, SECRETARY.—of Agriculture, is about to make a professional tour of Georgia and adjoining States.

LULLABY.

We've wandered all about the up-land valleys,
We've watched the rabbits at their play;
But now good-night, good-by to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-by, dear day.

All the little chicks are still, now the moon peeps down the hills;
Sleep, little chicks, sleep, the owls are hooting;
Ships have hung their lanterns out, little mice dare creep about;
Sleep, little chicks, sleep, the stars are shooting.
—Ford M. Hueffer, in Boston Transcript.



The subject of "Precedence" has long been a bone of contention among the wives of Cabinet Ministers and of other diplomats at Washington.—News Item.

The Dames who rule in Washington—that highly favored few—Have barred out that polite and dear old phrase of "After you!" And each is grabbing wildly for the bubble "Precedence." While hubby has the honor of incurring the expense.

NOT A PLEASURE TRIP.



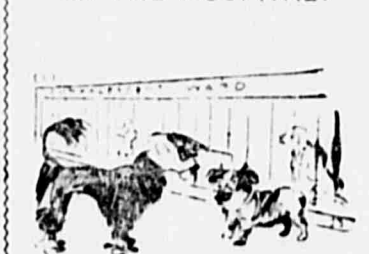
Nice Old Lady—And is your papa going on a pleasure trip, Rosie?
Rosie—Oh, no. He's going to take mamma along.

THE CRAZE.



White Goat—I thought I would be up to date and get the appendicitis from swallowing a golf ball.
Black Goat—Why, that's old. You should have swallowed the ping-pong ball.

AT THE HOSPITAL.



Doodle—Oh, my! I'm sorry I came here. I did it to escape a bath at home and they say I have cavities in my teeth and won't let me go till they fill 'em.

LEADING UP.



Ethel—Papa, how many children did Brigham Young have?
Papa—About one hundred. I think Ethel—Well, what did he do when they all came and asked him for a penny?

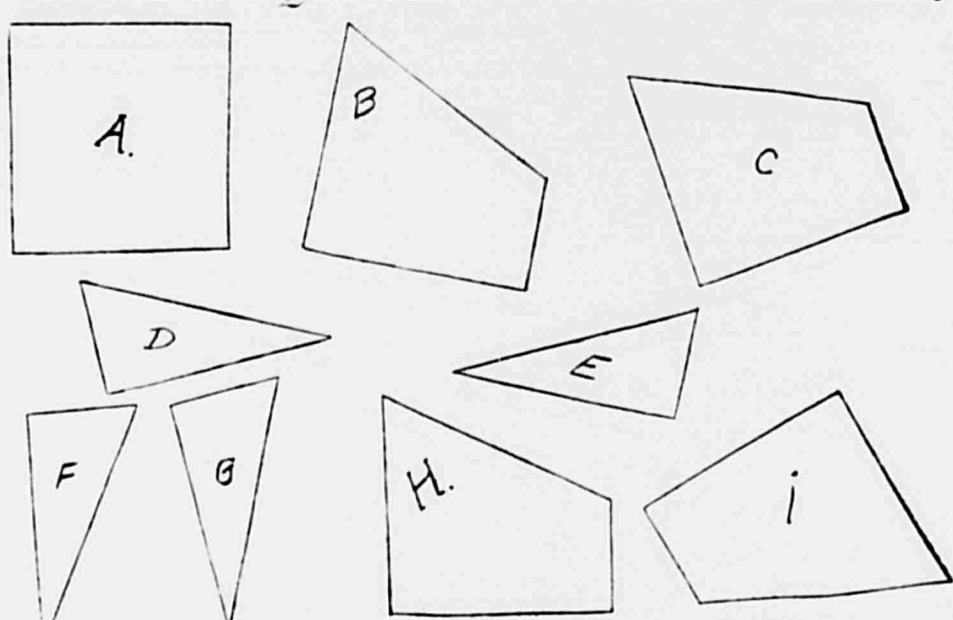
AT THE WIND-UP.



Jimson—I congratulate you on the final outcome of your lawsuit. I understand you got the property.
Simson—Er—no. My lawyer got the property. I got the decision.

ODDITY CORNER.

MAKE A SQUARE OF THESE PIECES.



Paste the above diagram on a piece of cardboard. Cut out the various figures and join them into a perfect square. This puzzle is not so easy as it appears, but if you keep at it it can be done.

HOW SHE GOT A SEAT.

She had sidled to the centre of the car and near a seat in which reposed an obese person. She looked at him hard and he buried himself further into the paper he was perusing. He was fat and would never see forty again. She might have been sixteen. The man with the emphysema did not heed the wireless message that came to him. Through a mist he saw the supple form of a fair miss before him.

Now she had left the strap which was her main support. Passengers giggled. One man laughed. The fair maid with the owl eyes was no longer erect. Her plump self was in full repose. The two knees of the fat man were busy. They held the figure of the lissome maid. There was no doubting it.

There was a look of terror in the elderly gentleman's face.

He realized it for the first time.

She was sitting in his lap.

"Will you have my seat, madame, he flamed with the peculiar hiss of his snake, which was followed by the snarl of the hippopotamus."

"Allow me, madame!"

The demure maid with the owl-like eyes glanced from beneath her long lashes and the ravishing look took words.

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

The old maid opposite guffawed as the fat man left the train at the next station. Young men who were not so fortunate, heaved encouragement. The maid, quiet, untroubled, labored earnestly with a black pencil and abstracted a thin volume. Some were fortunate to read the title.

HOW TO BEHAVE IN AN ELEVATED TRAIN.

The smiles subsided. There were no guffaws. The incident had ended.

THE STRAP GRABBER.

TALKS WITH MISS LIBERTY.

The Lightless Harbor Lady Has a Visit from the Real Thing.

"I had a gentleman caller last night," said Liberty, "and he was the smoothest proposition that ever fast anchored at my pedestal. He came about 11 P. M. in a steam launch and after he had leaped out and fastened his belt he stood up in the moonlight and said:

"My name is Canfield. I run a square game near Belmont's. It was rather dull to-night the young millionaires at the roulette wheel, you know, and I thought I'd come out to see you. I've often heard of you and felt sorry for you. You may be the right stuff all right, but you're on the wrong yard. Think of making a girl as heavy as that she can't budge an inch, and then fastening her to the rocks and calling her Liberty! Besides, a woman has no business posing for Liberty. I wouldn't let one of 'em into my place if I knew she had \$50,000 to put on the ace and I was doing the dealing myself."

"I tried to say something in defense of my sex, but the words stuck in my throat."

"How do you like your pedestal?" he asked casually.

"Well, I said 'as it is the only one I have.'"

"He interrupted. 'It isn't high enough! I must have it raised.'"

"You?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said decisively. "It's an awkward thing to say, but you're going to lose your job. I am the Real Thing in Liberty and I'm going to have a statue of myself out here to greet the swelling immigration from the effete monarchies of the Old World. For fifteen years or more I have defied all parties—Republicans, Democrats, Reformers. They have all bowed down to me. Look at Low! He isn't as high."

I see that Jerome is to get \$50,000 to fight me with. Well, watch me! I'll buy a house and land with the appropriation. Shut up? Not for Canfield! The late-string's always out and Reggie knows the way."

"The moon vanished behind a cloud. I heard my visitor working anchor."

"Meantime," he said, "I'll be out tomorrow night and saw off your arm. I want that light once from door at my place uptown. I guess I can keep it going all right!"

FRED NYE.

THINGS PAPA NEVER SAW: The Wild West Show.

My papa says there ain't no fun
Like what there used to be
When he was just a little chap.
The size of you and me;
But there's a sport he never had,
A joy he did not know.
For when my papa was a kid
There was no Wild West Show.

All he could do was just to read
About the wagon trains,
And how they chased the buffalo
Or redskins on the plains;
But wouldn't you or any boy,
Much rather see this show?
Than just have read how it was done
So many years ago?

And don't you think the world moves on,
And things that now are new
Are better than old-fashioned ones
Our grandpas used to do?
And everything that helps in life,
From school book down to toy,
Has moved along a step or two
Since papa was a boy.

THE KID

CAN YOU DO THIS?



Sharpen your penknife until it is as keen as possible. Then make this test of its keenness. Take a silk hand such as comes around bundles of cigars and try to cut it in half with a single cut. Nine times out of ten you can't do it. All the strands but one or perhaps two may be severed, but those will remain uncut.

DAILY PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HARRY, BRING ME THE PAPER." WHERE IS HARRY?

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Latter Precedence.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Does a lady or gentleman precede in ascending the stairs?
R. S.
Quotes Bismarck's Physician.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reference to abstaining from meat because of its high price, I would like to suggest the "killing" of two birds with one stone. About three years ago the Sunday World published an interview with the physician of Bismarck on the subject of health, in which he said, if people would abstain from meat in the early spring they would not be troubled

so much with malaria, which is common sense pure and simple. Malaria is a stomach trouble, therefore treat the stomach with proper food and generally avoid medicines. I noted on the above advice, and since doing so myself and my family have not been troubled with malaria. We do not eat meat during spring or summer, and find we are much better, both in pocket and health. I have two or three nice recipes for dishes which I would be glad to contribute in the hope of adding to my own collection by others from readers. I cannot sympathize with misery from

want of meat when so many nourishing things can be bought to take its place. The real misery is found in the country, where it is difficult to get fruit cheap, bananas costing 25 and 30 cents a dozen, oranges 25 cents, and nothing else to be had; eggs plentiful, but milk scarce.

The Seat Question Revived.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I do not agree with the young lady who signed her name "Annette B." in a communication in reference to men who neglect to give up their seats to women who may be standing. I think

all men, unless they be very old or infirm, should give up their seats to the weaker sex. Of course some men are compelled to work very hard during the day and naturally would like to rest while going to and from work. But it must not be overlooked that many young girls and women have to work also very hard. Therefore I think all men should gallantly surrender their seats to women (whether good looking or not), especially during the hours when the "L" trains are overcrowded. The maxim "first come, first served" does not hold good in this case.

CHARLES H.